

Your necklace is leaking

by John Eivaz ~ Editor

Richard Brautigan was discovered dead on October 25th, 1984.

Happy birthday, Richard.

One section of Ianthe Brautigan's memoir *You Can't Catch Death* that affected me was an accounting of some of her father's days in Montana in 1975. He was keeping brief records about things like fishing trips, visitors, drinking and what he had eaten for breakfast. He also left little notes about his writing at the time. The progression of notes from September into October of that year is inspiring to me, and something small and beautiful for any true individualist writer to think about. The flat, reportorial word "typed" eventually gives way to comments such as "It didn't look bad" and "It's getting there" to "novel in beautiful shape." This look into the progression of the simple reactions Brautigan had towards his own work is both telling and a signpost for others. Here was a writer who came up with new forms, new ways to illuminate and entertain (one critic's reaction back in the day was that in the future people would be writing "Brautigans" as they had been writing novels). But this gentle maverick was also obliged to react to his own work (as we all must), and to gauge its value within the lab of its own uniqueness. His journal reactions give me a rush for their confidence.

Richard Brautigan gave up his youth and reinvented himself when he moved to San Francisco. His writing style, however, was apparently never really reinvented; it grew out of the modes of expression he had begun to use in his teen years in the Northwest, as seen in the collection of early poetry and prose *The Edna Webster Collection Of Undiscovered Writings*. Even though he rarely if ever mentioned his youth after leaving Eugene, Oregon, his later writings echo it in both style and reference.

He moved through worlds in his life - some self-created through his own work and vision, and some thrust upon him through fame and recognition. His enjoyments were as delicate as delight in his own writing, and as excessive as blackout. And too soon left once more, gun in maverick hand, omnibus evidence with us still.

Richard Brautigan was born on January 30, 1935.

Happy birthday, Richard.



miPo ~ Print

A Special Tribute to Richard Brautigan

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spring coming into montana

ode to brother brautigan

by T. Kilgore Splake

snows melting absaroka summit
wild violets lower passes
eight pages
good writing morning
richard angling
mill creek "bows"
digger dollar billfold cache
cool watermelon sugar flask
meadow sea of daisies
orange monarchs flit-fluttering
dill pickle sardine snack
steamside nap
afternoon tides
shadows
later meeting ianthe
coffee flavored ice cream
VIDA cafe
picking wild blackberries
trout onions potatoes
sweet dinner dessert.

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tokyo again

by Coleen Shin

his tokyo, as only sad men
far from home see it

with affection and avid regard
for the back of a geisha's neck

and the fly ghetto baby sans
who show a bit more shag

feel something like sonar
on blue moon eyes, legs and iris hair

he had mastered the subtle hard-on
the loose cuban pants

his poems in jerks and spasms
then prosaic, deep in lava-hued blight

there are some meant to spend
be spent, collected like coined condoms

and some poets, no different in that respect
from heads-of-state, who shudder

with the responsibility, in need of rest
inside a woman's body

you want to suffer eloquently
it doesn't take a whore to understand

angling for femmes

by t. kilgore splake

graybeard poet's humiliation plunging below,
past recorded depths,

brutal rejection by another young incredibly
beautiful woman,

writing love poem to salve his heartache,
painful sense of loss,

honest verse reflecting missing passions,
dark loneliness,

finding new lady love, romance quickly over,
writing another poem and another,

like brautigan's alonzo hagen with diary,
voluminous account of fishing trips made,
trout lost.



Portrait of Brautigan by Henry Denander

Loading nicotine with a pitchfork

by Ron Androla

cigarette penis
burns down
my stub of love

the abortion

by Ron Androla

pulling books
from vast shelves
blood spills

from over-
turning
spines

READING BRAUTIGAN

by a.d. winans

It's been in the thirties two nights
in a row and my heater went out
and I'm sitting here freezing
my butt off with a hacking cough
waiting for the power company
to come and fix the problem
but it isn't too bad
there's a salmon steak
cooking in the oven
and Trout Fishing in America
warming my brain cells

thirty degree nights won't kill you
like a shotgun blast does
but they don't bring comfort either
the trouble with being single
the trouble with being 67
is knowing you could die alone
and go undiscovered for weeks
with nothing but rotting flesh
to tell your story
a Brautigan book in your lap
and a few poems to remember
you by

CITY BLUES

by a.d. winans

Sitting here at Gino and
Carlo's Bar in the
Heart of North Beach
Where Richard Brautigan
Used to hang out
watching a poet with a broken arm
nursing a tired grin
in the shadow of an even more
tired afternoon
phantom faces mocking the
hours away
in a country that kills its poets
and whose poets kill each other

This bar needs some Brautigan humor
too many gravediggers here
jokeless comedians
resembling a sober W.C. Fields
in a city where laughter has disappeared
and poets are a dime a dozen

Brautigan's girl

by P. J. Nights

sits, a wet pear
under the tree beating
her laundry on river rocks
while she tickles trout
and half-listens
to browsing brontosaurii

she maps highways
out of long blonde hair,
massages her cortex
with the perfect butt
in black leather

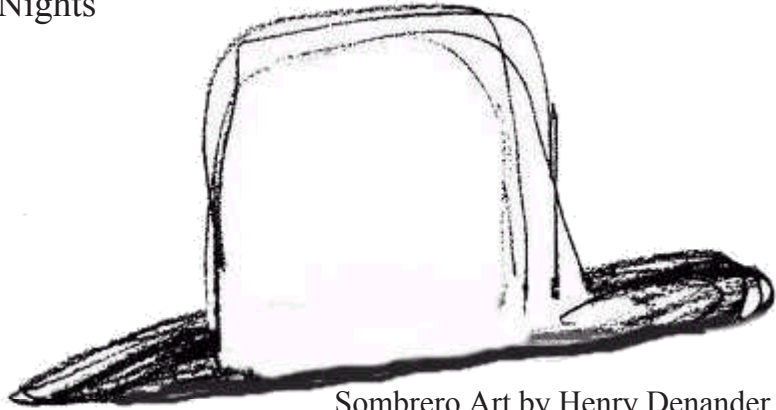
in the bathroom, she smokes
opiates of her choosing,
comes out beautiful and long-
legged, the wiz
of chinese checkers

brautigan's girl dares
disturb the fly on the napkin,
lives in her tarpaper shack

brews the blackest
of coffees

brautigan's girl
knows the answer
to "do you think
it's going to rain?"

knows the answer
is a pinochle game



Sombrero Art by Henry Denander

Brautigan's girl II

by P. J. Nights

hitchhikes on a hood ornament,
her face flat to the Big Sur.

She tunes her ears
to infrareds and builds
beehives of ultraviolet,

stuffs mud in wall cracks
to keep things cool.

She eats dinner
with catfish before
ever EVER
eating alone.

fishin' for brautigan

by Marlene E. Lennon

~ lightning bugs flies

brautigan
pisses me off

got so mad
i spit, spat – spittle spat

that's the ticket –

holdin' my mouth just right
i'll catch some fish.
whether sunshine or rain-

bow fishin'

around,
one eye lookin' about

glad i don't make

&/or clean messes
kool-

aid elixir final call

unsweetened jelly-jar style
with or without

diploma

what sex doesn't fish



Portrait of Brautigan by Henry Denander

watermelon repair kit

by t. kilgore splake

green adhesive strip,
pink gauze underneath with imitation black
seeds,

may have saved brautigan, his sweet melon
sugars slowly running away, until finally
dry.

beyond watermelon sugar

by t. kilgore splake

view out back window of brautigan's
small shack, past the path to town, the
forgotten works, across the piney woods
to rivers flowing cold and clear, teeming
with plump beautiful trout,

and ideath, that mysterious bitch who
will be our final, maybe most sweetish love,
richard's promise that she won't desert us.

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~Easy On Your Printer~

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